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THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE CONSECRATION
OF THE DELIVERER.

It stood in the shadows of the Wissahikon woods, that ancient Monastery, its dark walls canopied by the boughs of the gloomy pine, interwoven with leaves of grand old oaks.

From the waters of the wood-hidden stream, a winding road led up to its gates; a winding road overgrown with tall rank grass, and sheltered from the light by the thick branches above.

A Monastery? Yes, a Monastery, here amid the wilds of Wissahikon, in the years of Grace 1773, a Monastery built upon the soil of William Penn!

Let me paint it for you, at the close of this calm summer day.

The beams of the sun, declining far in the west, shoot between the thickly-gathered leaves, and light up the green sward, around those massive gates, and stream with sudden glory over the dark old walls. It is a Monastery, yet here we behold no swelling dome, no Gothic turrets, no walls of massive stone. A huge, square edifice, built one hundred years ago of the trunks of giant oaks and pines, it rises amid the woods, like the temple of some long-forgotten religion. The roof is broken into many fantastic forms;—here it rises in a steep gable, yonder, the heavy logs are laid prostrate; again they swell into a shapeless mass, as though stricken by a hurricane.

Not many windows are there in the dark old walls, but to the west four large square spaces, framed in heavy pieces of timber, break on your eye, while on the other sides the old house presents one blank mass of logs, rising on logs.

No: not one blank mass, for at this time of year, when the breath of June hides the Wissahikon in a world of leaves, the old Monastery looks like a grim soldier, who, scathed by time and battle, wears yet thick wreaths of laurel over his armour, and about his brow.

Green vines girdle the ancient house on every side. From the squares of the dark windows, from the intervals of the massive logs they hang in luxuriant festoons, while the shapeless roof is all one mass of leaves.

Nay, even the wall of logs, which extends around the old house, with a ponderous gate to the west, is green with the touch of June. Not a trunk but blooms with some drooping vine; even the gate posts, each a solid column of oak, seem to wave to and fro, as the summer breeze plays with their drapery of green leaves.

It is a sad, still hour. The beams of the sun stream with fitful splendour over the green sward. That strange old mansion seems as sad and desolate as the tomb. But suddenly—hark! Do you hear the clanking of those bolts, the crashing of the unclosing gates?

The gates creak slowly aside!—let us steal behind this cluster of pines, and gaze upon the inhabitants of the Monastery, as they come forth for their evening walk.

Three figures issue from the opening gates, an old man whose withered features and white hairs are thrown strongly into the fading light, by his long robe of dark velvet. On one arm, leans a young girl, also dressed in black, her golden hair falling—not in ringlets—but in rich masses, to her shoulders. She bends upon his arm, and with that living smile upon her lips, and in her eyes, looked up into his face.

On the other arm, a young man, whose form, swelling with the proud outlines of early manhood, is attired in a robe or gown, dark as his father's while his bronzed face, shaded by curling brown hair, seems to reflect the silent thought, written upon the old man's brow.

They pace slowly along the sod. Not a word is spoken. The old man raises his eyes, and lifts the square cap from his brow—look! how that golden beam plays along his brow, while the evening breeze tosses his white hairs. There is much suffering, many deep traces of the Past, written on his wrinkled face, but the light of a wild enthusiasm beams from his blue eyes.

The young man—his dark eyes wildly glaring fixed upon the sod—moves by the old man's side, but speaks no word.

The girl, that image of maidenly grace, nurtured into beauty, within an hour's journey of the city, and yet afar from the world, still bends over that aged arm, and looks smilingly into that withered face, her glossy hair waiving in the summer wind.

Who are these, that come hither, pacing, at the evening hour, along the wild moss? The father and his children!

What means that deep strange light, flashing not only from the blue eyes of the father, but from the dark eyes of his son?

Does it need a second glance to tell you, that it is the light of Fanaticism, that distortion of Faith, the wild glare of Superstition, that deformity of Religion?

The night comes slowly down. Still the Father and Son pace the ground in silence, while the breeze freshens and makes low music among the leavs. Still the young girl bending over the old man's arm, smiles tenderly in his face, as though she would drive the sadness from his brow with one gleam of her mild blue eyes.

At last—within the shadows of the gate, their faces lighted by the last gleam of the setting sun—the old man and his son stand like figures of stone, while each grasps a hand of the young girl.

Is it not a strange yet beautiful picture? The old Monastery forms one dense mass of shade; on either side extends the darkening forest, yet here, within the portals of the gate, the three figures are grouped while a warm, soft mass of rifted moss, spreads before them. The proud manhood of the son, contrasted with the white locks of the father, the tender yet voluptuous beauty of the girl relieving the thought and sadness, which glooms over each brow.

Hold—the Father presses the wrist of his Son with a convulsive grasp—hush! Do you hear that low deep whisper?

'At last, it comes to my soul, the Fulfilment of Prophecy!' he whispers, and is silent again, but his lip trembles and his eye glares.

'But the time—Father *the time?*" the Son replies in the same deep voice, while his eye dilating, fires with the same feeling that swells his Father's heart.

'*The last day of this year—the third hour after midnight*—THE DELIVERER WILL COME!'

These words may seem lame and meaningless, when spoken again, but had you seen the look that kindled over the old man's face, his white hand raised above his head, had you heard his deep voice swelling through the silence of the woods, each word would ring on your ear, as though it quivered from a spirit's tongue.

Then the old man and his son knelt on the sod, while the young girl—looking in their faces with wonder and awe—sunk silently beside them.

The tones of Prayer broke upon the stillness of the darkening woods.

Tell us the meaning of this scene. Wherefore call this huge edifice, where dark logs are clothed in green leaves, by the old world name of Monastery! Who are these—father, son, and daughter—that dwell within its walls?

Seventeen years ago—from this year of Grace, 1773—there came to the wilds of Wissahikon, a man in the prime of mature manhood, clad in a long, dark robe, with a cross of silver gleaming on his breast. With one arm he gathered to his heart a smiling babe, a little girl, whose golden hair floated over his dark dress like sunshine over a pall; by the other hand he led a dark haired boy.

His name, his origin, his object in the wilderness, no one knew, but purchasing the ruined Blockhouse, which bore on its walls and timbers the marks of many an Indian fight, he shut himself out from all the world. His son, his daughter, grew up together in this wild solitude. The voice of prayer was often heard at dead of night by the belated huntsman, swelling from the silence of the lonely house.

By slow degrees, whether from the cross which the old stranger wore upon his breast, or from the sculptured images which had been seen within the walls of his forest home, the place was called—the Monastery—and its occupants the Priest.

Had he been drawn from his native home by crime? Was his name enrolled among the titled and the great of his Father-land, Germany? Or, perchance, he was one of those stern visionaries, the Pietists of Germany, who, lashed alike by Catholic and Protestant persecutors, brought to the wilds of Wissahikon their beautiful Fanaticism?

For that Fanaticism, professed by a band of brothers, who years before, driven from Germany, came here to Wissahikon, built their Monastery, and worshiped God, without a written creed, was beautiful.

It was a wild belief, tinctured with the dreams of Alchemists, it may be, yet still full of faith in God, and love to man. Persecuted by the Protestants of Germany, as it was by the Catholics of France, it still treasured the Bible as its rule and the Cross as its symbol.

The Monastery, in which the brothers of the faith lived for long years, was situated on the brow of a hill, not a mile from the old Block-House. Here the Brothers had dwelt, in the deep serenity of their own hearts, until one evening they gathered in their garden, around the form of their dying father, who yielded his soul to God in their midst, while the setting sun and the calm silence of universal nature gave a strange grandure to the scene.

But it was not with this Brotherhood that the stranger of the Block-House held communion.

His communion was with the dark-eyed son, who grew up, drinking the fanaticism of his father, in many a midnight watch: with the golden haired daughter, whose smiles was wont to drive the gloom from his brow, the wearing anxiety from his heart.

Who was the stranger? No one knew. The former of the Wissahikon had often seen his dark robed form, passing like a ghost under the solemn pines; the wandering huntsman had many a time, on his midnight ramble, heard the sounds of prayer breaking along the silence of the woods form the Block-House walls: yet still the life, origin, object of the stranger were wraped in impenetrable mystery.

Would you know more of his life? Would you penetrate the mystery of this dim old Monastery, shadowed by the thickly-clustered oaks and pines shut out from the world by the barrier of impenetrable forests?

Would you know the meaning of those strange words, uttered by the old man, on the calm summer evening?

Come with me, then—at midnight—on the last day of 1773. We will enter the Block-House together, and behold a scene, which, derived from a tradition of the past, is well calculated to thrill the heart with a deep awe.

It is midnight: there is snow on the ground: the leafless trees fling their bared limbs against the cold blue of the starlit sky.

The old Block-House rises dark and gloomy from the snow, with the heavy trees extending all around.

The wind sweeps through the woods, not with a boisterous roar, but the strange sad cadence of an organ, whose notes swell away through the arches of a dim cathedral aisle.

Who would dream that living being tenanted this dark mansion, arising in one black mass from the bed of snow, its huge timbers, revealed in various indistinct forms, by the cold clear light of the stars? Centred in the midst of the desolate woods, it looks like the abode of spirits or yet like some strange sepulchre, in which the dead of long-past ages lie entombed.

There is no foot-track on the winding road—the snow presents one smooth white surface—yet the gates are thrown wide open, as if ready for the coming of a welcome guest.

Through this low, narrow door—also flung wide open—along this dark corridor, we will enter the Monastery.

In the centre of this room, illumined by the light of two tall white candles, sits the old man, his slender form clad in dark velvet, with the silver cross gleaming on his bosom, buried in the cushions of an oaken chair.

His slender hands are laid upon his knees—he sways slowly to and fro—while his large blue eye, dilating with his wild stare, is fixed upon the opposite wall.

Hush! Not a word—not even the creaking of a footstep—for this old man, wrapped in his thoughts, setting alone in the centre of this strangely furnished room, fills us with involuntary reverence.

Strangly furnished room? Yes, circular in form, with a single doorway, huge panels of dark oaken wainscot, rise from the bared floor to the gloomy ceiling. Near the old man arises a white altar, on which the the candles are placed its spotless curtain floating down to the floor. Between the candles, you behold a long, slender flagon of silver, a wreath of laurel leaves, fresh *gathered from the Wissahikon hills, and a Holy* Bible, bound in velvet, with antique clasps of gold.

Behind the altar, gloomy and sullen, as if struggling with the shadows of the room, arises a Cross of Iron.

On yonder small fire-place, rude logs of oak and hickory sends up their mingled smoke and flame.

The old man sits there, his eyes growing wilder in their gaze every moment, fixed upon the solitary door. Still he sways to and fro, and now his thin lips move, and a faint murmur fills the room.

'*He will come!*' mutters the Priest of the Wissahikon, as common rumor named him. '*At the third hour after midnight, the Deliverer will come!*'

These words acquire a single interest from the tone and look which accompany their utterance.

Hark—the door opens—the young man with the bronzed face and deep dark eyes, appears—advances to his father's side.

'Father'—whispers the young man—'May it not be a vain fancy after all! This Hope that the Deliverer will come ere the rising of the sun?'

You can see the old man turn suddenly round—his eyes blazes as he grasps his son by the wrist:

'Seventeen years ago, I left my father-land, became an exile and an outcast! Seventeen years ago, I forsook the towers of my race, that even now, darken over the bosom of the Rhine—I, whose name was ennobled by the ancestral glories of thirteen centuries, turned my back at once on pomp, power,—all that is worshipped by the herd of mankind! In my native land, they have believed me dead for many years—the castle, the broad domains that by the world's law, are yours my son, now own another's rule—and here we are, side by side, in this rude temple of the Wissahikon! Why is this, my son?—Speak, Paul, and answer me, why do we dwell together, the father and her children, in this wild forest of a strange land?'

The son veiled his eyes with his clasped hands; the emotion of his father's look, thrilled him to the soul.

'I will tell you why! Seventeen years ago, as I bent over the body of my dead wife, even in the death-vault of our castle, on the Rhine the Voice of God, spake to my soul—bade me resign all the world and its toys—bade me take my children, and go forth to a strange land!'—

'And their await the Fulfilment of Prophecy!' whispered Paul, raising his head from his clasped hands.

'For seventeen years I have buried my soul, in the pages of that book'—

'I have shared your studies, father! Reared afar from the toil and the vanity of worldly life I have made my home with you in this hermitage. Together we have wept—prayed—watched over the pages of Revelations!'

'You have become part of my soul,' said the Priest of Wissahikon, in a softened voice, as he laid his withered hand upon the white forehead of his son; 'you might have been noble in your native land: yes, your sword might carved for you a gory renown from the corses of dead men, butchered in battle; or the triumphs of poetry and art, might have clothed your brow in laurel, and yet you have chosen your lot with me; with me, devoted life and soul to the perusal of God's solemn book!'

The dark eye of the son began to burn, with the same wild light that blazed over his father's face.

'And our studies, our long and painful search into the awful world, which the Bible opens to our view, has ended in a knowledge of these great truths—*The Old World is sunk in all manner of crimes, as was the Ante-Diluvian World;*—THE NEW WORLD *is given to man as a refuge, even as the Ark was given to Noah and his children.*

'*The New World is the last altar of human freedom left on the surface of the Globe. Never shall the foot-steps of Kings pollute its soil.—It is the last hope of man,* God has spoken, and it is so—Amen!'

The old man's voice rung, in deep, solemn tones, through the lonely room, while his eye seemed to burn as with the fire of Prophecy.

'The voice of God has spoken to me, in my thoughts by day; in my dreams by night—*I will send a* DELIVERER *to this land the New World, who shall save my people from physical bondage, even as my Son saved them from the bondage of spiritual death!*

'And to-night he will come, at the third hour after midnight, he will come through yonder door, and take upon himself his great Mission, to free the New World from the yoke of the Tyrant!

'Yes, my son, six months ago, on that calm summer evening, as with Catherine leaning on one arm you on the other, I strolled forth along the woods, that voice whispered a message to my soul! To-night the Deliverer will come!'

'All is ready for his coming!' exclaimed Paul, advancing to the altar. 'Behold the Crown, the Flagon of Anointing Oil, the Bible and the Cross!'

The old man arose, lifting his withered hands above his head, while the light streamed over his silver hairs.

'Even as the Prophets of old annointed the brows of men, chosen by God to do great deeds in His name, so will I,—purified by the toil and prayer, and self-denial of seventeen long years, annoint the forehead of the Deliverer!'

Hark! As the voice of the aged enthusiast, tremulous with emotion, quivers on the air, the clock in the hall without, tells the hour of twelve! As the tones of that bell ring through the lonely Block-House, like *a voice from the other world*—deep, sad and echoing—the last minute of 1773 sank in the glass of Time, and 1774 was born.

Then they knelt silently beside the altar, the old man and his son. The white hairs of the Priest, mingled with the brown locks of Paul;—their hands clasped together, rested upon the Bible, which was opened at the Book of Revelations.

Their separate prayers, breathed in low whispers, from each lip, mingled together, and went up to Heaven in ONE.

An hour passed. Hark! Do you hear the old clock again? How that sullen ONE! swells through the silent halls!

Still they knell together there—still the voice of prayer quivers from each tongue.

Another hour, spent in silent prayer, with bowed head and bended knees. As the clock speaks out the hour of two, the old man rises, and paces the floor.

'Place your hand upon my heart, my son!—Can you feel its throbbings? Upon my brow—ah! it burns like living fire! The hour draws nigh—he comes! Yes, my heart throbs, my brain fires, but my faith in God is firm—the Deliverer will come!'

Vain were the attempts to picture the silent agony of that old man's face! Call him dreamer—call him fanatic—what you will, you must still admit that a great soul throbbed within his brain still you must reverence the strong heart which beats within his shrunken chest.

Still you must remember that this old man was once a renowned Lord; that he forsook all that the world holds dear, buried himself for seventeen years in the wilds of this forest, his days and nights spent amid the dark pages of the Revelations of Saint John.

Up and down the oaken floor, now by the altar, where the light shone over his brow, now in the darkness, where the writhings of his countenance were lost in shadows, the old man hurried along, his eye blazing with a wilder light, his withered cheek with a warmer glow.

Meanwhile the son remained kneeling in prayer. The lights burned dimly—the room was covered with a twilight gloom. Still the Iron Cross was seen—the whole altar still broke thro' the darkness, with its silver Flagon and Laurel Crown.

Hark! That sound—the clock is on the hour of three! The old man starts, quivers, listens!

ONE! rings through the desolate mansion.

'I hear no sound!' mutters the enthusiast.—But the words had not passed on his lips, when TWO! swells on the air.

'He comes not!' cries Paul, darting to his feet, his features quivering with suspense. They clasp their hands together—they listen with frenzied intensity.

'Still no footsteps. Not a sound!' gasped Paul.

'But he *will* come!' and the old man, sublime in the energy of fanaticism, towered erect, one hand to his heart, while the other quivered in the air.

THREE! The last stroke of the bell swelled—echoed—and died away.

'He comes not!' gasped the son, in agony—'But yes! Is there not a footstep on the frozen snow? Hark! Father, Father! do your hear that footstep? It is on the threshold now—it advances—'

'He comes!' whispered the old man, while the sweat stood out in beads from his withered brow.

'It advances, father! Yes, along the hall—hark! There is a hand on the door—hah!—All is silent again! It is but a delusion—no!—He is come at last!'

'At last he is come!' gasped the old man, and with one impulse they sank on their knees.—Hark! You hear the old door creak on its hinges, as it swings slowly open—a strange voice breaks the silence.

'Friends, I have lost my way in the forest,' said the voice, speaking in a calm, manly tone. 'Can you direct me to the right way?'

The old man looked up; a cry of wonder trembled from his lips. As for the son, he gazed in silence on the Stranger, while his features were stamped with inexpressible surprise.

The Stranger stood on the threshold, his face to the light, his form thrown boldly forward, by the darkness at his back.

He stood there, not as a Conqueror on the battle-field, with the spoils of many nations trampled under his feet.

Towering above the stature of common men, his form was clad in the dress of a plain gentleman of that time, fashioned of black velvet, with ruffles on the bosom and around the wrist, diamond buckles gleaming from his shoes.

Broad in the shoulders, beautiful in the sinewy proportions of each limb, he stood there, extending his hat in one hand, while the other gathered his heavy cloak around the arm.

His white forehead, large overarched eyes, which gleamed even through the darkness of the room with a calm, clear light; his lips were firm; his chin round and full; the general contour of his face stamped with the settled beauty of mature manhood, mingled with the fire of chivalry.

In one word, he was a man whom you would single out, among a crowd of ten thousand, for his grandeur of bearing, his calm, collected dignity of expression and manner.

'Friends,' he again began, as he started back, surprised at the sight of the kneeling enthusiasts, 'I have lost my way—'

'Thou hast not lost thy way,' spoke the voice of the old man, as he arose and confronted the stranger; 'thou hast found thy way to usefulness and immortal renown!'

The Stranger advanced a footstep, while a warm glow overspread his commanding face.—Paul stood as if spell-bound by the calm gaze of his clear, deep eyes.

'Nay—do not start, nor gaze upon me in such wonder! I tell thee the voice that speaks from my lips, is the voice of Revelation. Thou art called to a great work; kneel before the altar and receive thy mission!

Nearer to the altar drew the Stranger.

'This is but folly—you make a mock of me!' he began; but the wild gaze of the old man thrilled his heart, as with magnetic fire. He paused, and stood silent and wondering.

'Nay doubt me not! To-night, filled with strange thoughts on your country's Future, you laid yourself down to sleep within your habitation in yonder city. But sleep fled from your eyes—a feeling of restlessness drove you forth into the cold air of night—'

'This is true!' muttered the Stranger in a musing tone, while his face expressed surprise.

'As you dashed along, mounted on the steed which soon will bear your form in the ranks of battle, the cold air of night fanned your hot brow, but could not drive from your soul the Thought of your Country!'

'How know you this?' and the Stranger started forward, grasping the old man suddenly by the wrist.

Deeper and bolder thrilled the tones of the old Enthusiast.

'The rein fell loosely on your horse's neck—you let him wander, you cared not whither!—Still the thought that oppressed your soul was the future of your country. Still great hopes—dim visions of *what is to come*—floating panoramas of battle and armed legions—darted one by one over your soul. Even as your stood on the threshold of yonder door, asking, in calm tones, the way through the forest, another and a deeper question rose to your lips'——

'I confess it!' said the Stranger, his tone catching the deep emotion of the old man's voice. 'As I stood upon the threshold, the question that rose to my lips was—

'*Is it lawfull for a* SUBJECT *to draw sword against his* KING?'

'Man! You read the heart!' and this strange man of commanding form and thoughtful brow, gazed fixedly in the eyes of the Enthusiast, while his face expressed every conflicting emotion of doubt, suspicion, surprise and awe.

'Nay do no gaze upon me in such wonder! I tell thee a great work has been allotted unto thee, by the FATHER of all souls! Kneel by this altar—and here, in the silence of night, amid the depths of these wild woods—will I anoint thee Deliverer of this great land, even as the men of Judah, in the far-gone time, anointed the brow of the chosen David!'

It may have been a sudden impulse, or perchance, some conviction of the future flashed over the stranger's soul, but as the gloom of that chamber gathered round him, as the voice of the old man thrilled in his ear, he felt those knees, which never yielded to man sink beneath him, he bowed before the altar, his brow bared, and his hands laid upon the Book of God.

The light flashed over his bold features, glowing with the beauty of manhood in its prime, over his proud form, dilating with a feeling of inexpressible agitation.

On one side of the altar stood the old man—

the Priest of the Wissahikon—his silver hair waving aside from his flushed brow—on the other, his son, bronzed in face, but thoughtful in the steady gaze of his large full eyes.

Around this strange group all was gloom: the cold wintry air pouring through the open door, but they heeded it not.

'Thou art called to the great work of a Champion and Deliverer! Soon thou wilt ride to battle at the head of legions—soon thou wilt lead a people on to freedom—soon thy sword will gleam like a meteor over the ranks of war!'

As the voice of the old man in the dark robe, with the silver cross flashing on his heart, thrills through the chamber—as the Stranger bows his head as if in reverence, while the dark-browed son looks silently on—look yonder, in the dark shadows of the doorway!

A young form, with a dark mantle floating round her white robes, stands trembling there.—As you look, her blue eye dilates with fear, her hair streams, in a golden shower, down to the uncovered shoulder. Her finger is pressed against her lip; she stands doubting, fearing, trembling on the threshold.

Unseen by all, she fears that her father may work harm to the kneeling Stranger. What knows she of his wild dreams of enthusiasm?—The picture which she beholds terrifies her. This small and gloomy chamber, lighted by the white candles—the altar rising in the gloom—the Iron Cross confronting the kneeling man, like a thing of evil omen—her father, with white hairs floating aside from his flushed forehead. The picture was singular and impressive; the winter wind, moaning sullenly without, imparted a sad and organ-like music to the scene.

'Dost thou promise, that when the appointed time arrives, thou wilt be found ready, sword in hand, to fight for thy country and thy God?'

It was in tones broken by emotion, that the Stranger simply answered—'I do!'

'Dost thou promise, in the hour of thy glory—when a nation shall bow before thee—as in the fierce moment of adversity,—when thou shalt behold thy soldiers starving for the want of bread—to remember the great truth, written in these words—'*I am but the Minister of God in the great work of a nation's freedom.*'"

Again the bowed head, again the tremulous—'I do promise!'

'Then, in His name, who gave the New World to the millions of the human race, as the last altar of their rights, I do consecrate thee its DELIVERER!'

When the fingers of his extended hand touched with the anointing oil, he described the figure of a Cross on the white forehead of the Stranger who raised his eyes while his lips murmured, as if in prayer.

Never was nobler King anointed beneath the shadow of Cathedral arch—never did holier Priest administer the solemn vow! A poor Cathedral, this rude Block-House of the Wissahikon—a plainly-clad gentleman, this kneeling Stranger—a wild Enthusiast, the old man! I grant it all. And yet, had you seen the Enthusiasm of the white-haired Minister, reflected in the Stranger's brow, and cheek, and eyes, had you marked the contrast between the shrunken form of the 'Priest,' and the proud figure of the Anointed,—both quivering with the same agitation,—you would confess, with me, that this Consecration was full as holy, in the sight of Heaven, as that of 'Good King George.'

And all the while that young man stood gazing on the Stranger in silent awe, while the girl, trembling on the threshold, a warm glow lightens up her face, as she beheld the scene.

When the time comes, go forth to victory!—On thy brow, no conqueror's blood-red wreath, but this crown of fadeless laurel!'

He extends his hand, as if to wreath the Stranger's brow, with the leafy crown—yet look!—A young form steals up to his side, seizes the crown from his hand, and, ere you can look again, in falls upon the bared brow of the kneeling man.

He looks up and beholds that young girl, with the dark mantle gathered over her white robes, stand blushing and trembling before the altar, as though frightened at the boldness of the deed.

'It is well!' said the aged man, regarding his daughter with a kindly smile. 'From whom should the Deliverer of a Nation receive his crown of laurel, but from the hands of a stainless woman!'

'Rise! The Champion and Leader of a People!' spoke the deep voice of the son, as he stood before the altar, surveying, with one glance, the face of his father—the countenance of the blushing girl, and the bowed head of the Stranger.—'Rise, sir, and take this hand which was never yet given to man! I know not thy name, yet, on this book, I swear to be faithful to thee, even to the death!'

The Stranger rose; proudly he stood there, as with the consciousness of his commanding look and form. The laurel-wreath encircled his white forehead; the cross, formed by the anointing oil glistened in the light.

Paul, the son, buckled a sword to his side; the old man extended his hands as if in blessing, while the young girl looked up silently into his face.

They all beheld the form of this strange man shake with emotion; while that face, whose calm beauty had won their hearts, now quivered in every fibre.

The wind moaned sadly over the frozen snow, yet these words, uttered by the stranger, were heard distinctly by all—

'From you, old man, I take the vow! From you, fair girl, the laurel! From you, brave friend, the sword! On this book I swear to be faithful unto all!'

And as the light flashed over his quivering features, he laid his hand upon the Book and kissed the hilt of the sword.

Years passed.

The memory of that New Year's night of 1774, perchance, had passed with years, and lost all place in the memory of living being.

America was a nation—Washington was President.

Through the intervals of the trees shine the beams of the declining sun, but the Block-House was a mass of ruins. Burned on night by the British, in the darkest hour of the war, its blackened timbers were yet encircled by green leaves.

Still the smiling summer sun shone over the soft-sward and among the thickly clustered trees of Wissahikon.

But Father—Son—Daughter—where are they? Yonder, a square enclosure of stone shuts three green mounds out from the world.

The sad story of their lives may not be told in few words. The terrors of that night when the Block-House was fired, and—but we must not speak of it! All we can say is—look yonder, and behold their graves!

Hark! The sound of horse's hoofs! A man of noble presence appears, guiding his gallant grey steed, along the winding road. He dismounts; the horse wanders idly over the sod, cropping the fragrant wild grass.

This man of noble presence, dressed in plain black velvet, with a star gleaming on his breast with a face, magnificent in its wrinkled age as it was beautiful in its chivalric manhood—this man of noble presence, before whom kings may stand uncovered, approaches the ruin of the Block-House.

Do you see his eye light up again with youthful fire, his lip quiver with an agitation deeper than battle-rage?

There he stands, while the long shadows of the trees darken far over the sward—there, while the twilight deepens into night, gazing with a heaving chest and quivering lip, upon the Ruins of the old Block-House.

Perchance he thinks of the dead, or it may be his thoughts are with scenes of the Past—perchance, even now, a strange picture rises before him!

—That picture a darkened chamber, with a white altar rising in its centre, while an old man, and his brave son, and virgin daughter, all gathered round a warrior form, hailing him with one voice—

"THE DELIVERER."

NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.—In this Legend, I have endeavored to compress an old time tradition of the Wissahikon, which, related with justice in all its details, would fill a volume. There is no spot in the land—not even on the storied hills of the Santee, or the haunted wilds of the Kennebec—more full-fraught of poetry and romance, than this same Wissahikon, which, attainable by half an hour's journey from the city, yet preserves all the grand grandeur of rock, and stream, and tree; and is to-day what it was two hundred years ago. It was here that the Protestant Monks made their home, more than a hundred years ago; here, driven from their father-land, by the united persecutions of Protestant and Catholic, they reared their Monastery, and worshipped God, in the deep silence of primeval forests. The men who assess at the first settlers of Pennsylvania, terming them in derision, (as little minds are wont) the "*ignorant Germans*," etc., etc., should come here to the wilds of Wissahikon, and learn something of the philosophy, the religion, and toleration of these German colonists.—The Legend will be more clearly understood when it is known that the belief was prevalent among these Priests of the "*Coming of a Great Man*," who was to appear in the wilderness, in fulfillment of a Prophecy in the Book of Revelations.

NOTE TO LEGEND "FOURTH OF JULY, 1776."—Between the person who copied this Legend from the Author's M. S., and the good reader, an error crept in, which might be important, if its correction was not almost self-evident. The error consists in the substitution of the name "PATRICK HENRY" for "JOHN WITHERSPOON," and of the words "red cloak" for "dark cloak" (or gown) throughout the Legend.—Henry, as every body knows, was not among the Signers.—WITHERSPOON was no less renowned for his piety as a clergyman, his attainments as a scholar, than for his eloquent and fearless advocacy of the Immortal Declaration. Editors who have transferred this Legend, will have the Kindness to make the proper correction. The part which Patrick Henry played in the Resolution, will be illustrated in a future Legend.

PUSH ON THE COLUMN.

Congress have at length got in motion, and have passed one or two very important bills for the support of the war, it is ardently to be hoped that it will now move forward with increased vigor and energy in support of the rights of the country. The wordy war which has been carried on in that body is much to be lamented, when the country is in a critical position and ways and means are to be provided to extricate it. The federal opposition seem determined to prevent all action which is necessary to support the war. Hence every species of annoyance is resorted to, to defeat the action of the majority. One whole day has been consumed in calling the yeas and nays on motions made by federalists to adjourn, or on frivolous points of order, raised to consume time. These practices are most disgraceful, and the authors of them will meet with the severest condemnation of their constituents. In the mean time the republicans in Congress, as they compose the responsible majority, must act together on all necessary measures, and put them through at all events. "*Push on the column!*" is now the word, both at Washington and in Mexico. [Age.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN TORYISM.

When the federalists and anti-renters of New York joined hands, it will be recollected by our readers that we denounced it as a union of elements in that ignoble contest were so dissimilar that we could hardly credit the fact that it had been consummated, even with the uncontradicted evidence before our eyes. This coalition appears to have excited no little surprise over the water. The tories in England, who are the particular friends of federalism and its great leader in this country, can hardly swallow this dose.—The London Times of December 17th, after giving a very accurate account of this strange combination and its effect, says:

"It is superfluous to characterize the coalition here described. The anti-renters of New York are only a decent form of the anti-renters of Ireland. What would have been thought of our British protectionists, if they, in their desperation, for the purpose of burning the seals in Parliament had given the right hand of fellowship to the fixity of tenure gentlemen, and their friends, the Whiteboys of Ireland? Such a combination is not quite without precedent in our history. Charles I. reaped the shame and ruin of a similar connexion. It must be said to the honor of conservatism that it was above any such baseness. That is reserved for Mr. Webster's party."

An American tory must have fallen low indeed to be thus denounced by British toryism.

The new tariff has certainly ruined the manufacturers—ten or twelve per cent dividends are very distressing! The manufacturers in all directions are prosecuting business to the extent of their ability, and new factories are being erected without any regard to the change in the tariff.

MEXICAN WAR—WILMOT PROVISO.

Resolutions of instruction, introduced by Col. Young, have passed the Senate of New York by a vote of twenty three to six, from which we take the following:

"*Resolved*, That, as war now exists between the United States and Mexico, it is the imperative duty of every citizen of this country to sustain its government in all proper measures for the prosecution of that war, in such a manner as our national honor and interest demand, until it shall be terminated by an honorable peace.

Resolved, That if any territory is hereafter acquired by the United States, or annexed thereto, the act by which such territory is acquired or annexed, whatever such act may be should contain an unalterable, fundamental article or provision whereby slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall be forever excluded from the territory acquired or annexed."

PENNSYLVANIA RESOLUTIONS. The following resolutions have been adopted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. The vote for them was unanimous in the House, and in the Senate stood twenty four to three:

"*Whereas*, The existing war with Mexico may result in the acquisition of new territory to the Union: and whereas, measures are now pending in Congress, having in view the appropriation of money and the conferring authority upon the treaty making power to this end: therefore

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our representatives requested to vote against any measure whatever, by which territory will accrue to the Union, unless as a part of the fundamental law, upon which any compact or treaty for this purpose is based slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crimes, shall be forever prohibited.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to forward a copy of the foregoing to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

THE CONDITIONS FULFILLED.

It was charged upon Mr. Young, the present whig governor of New York, during the canvass of last summer and before he was elected, that he had given assurances to the anti-renters, that in case they would vote for and elect him Governor, he on coming into the executive chair, would pardon all their companions who had been convicted of murder, manslaughter, riots, &c.—This charge was then flatly denied by a portion of the "law and order" whigs of that State, though Mr. Young himself maintained a "dignified silence" upon the subject. The anti-renters, however, in a body, *voted for him and elected him, and he has now pardoned all their convicted felons*, even to the blustering "Big Thunder" and the murderers of sheriff Steele. The whole number pardoned is eighteen. All of these were fully restored to the right of enjoyment except Boughton, O'Conner, Van, Stunburg and Eerl. A New York paper intimates that these will not be restored to their civil rights until another election, when their votes may be wanted.

What a commentary this upon the morality of federalism. Rebels, State prison convicts, murderers, rioters and "law and order" federalists joining hands in a conspiracy against civil government. Oh, federalism, what wilt thou not do for power!

MAINE DELEGATION.

Intimations have been thrown out, that the Maine delegation in Congress has not acted with that degree of vigor in favor of the prosecution of the war, and in support of the administration, which is desirable. With relation to the representative from Kennebec, this is undoubtedly true. The vigor he has displayed has been all on the other side. He has constantly stood by, ready to trig the wheel of government at any hard push, and made no secret of his position. No so, however with the republican members.—They have been among the most active men in Congress in urging forward measures in support of the war, and we have no doubt they will ever be found ready vigorously to co-operate with the government in all measures necessary to uphold the national honor. The nation has no citizens more patriotic than the republican delegation of Maine now in Congress. [Age.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

The annual election in New Hampshire will be held the ninth of March. The campaign was brilliantly opened by the democrats by an immense mass meeting at Concord some months since, and they have since been conducting it with great animation and confident hopes of success. In the spirit of compromise and with the determination to make all the required sacrifices for the common good, the divisions of the party have been healed, and all are now laboring to restore the Granite State to its former proud position in the column of the democratic army.—They now deserve victory, are endeavoring to achieve it in the right way, and we entertain strong hopes that they will obtain a glorious triumph over all their enemies at the spring election. We learn that there is a general excitement throughout the State, and it is probable that the vote will be larger than ever before. The following are the democratic nominations for Congress: District 1, Benning W. Jenness: 2, Charles H. Peaslee; 3, Mace Moulton; 4, James H. Johnson.

OPERATIONS IN THE GULF.

It is most evident that affairs are rapidly approaching some grand and decisive demonstration in the Gulf. Every preparation is evidently being made for the concentration of our forces both by land and naval at Vera Cruz, with the view of taking the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa.—The immense quanty of heavy munitions that have recently been forwarded to the Gulf—the concentration of the Army at or near Tampico—the chartering of some scute or more merchant vessels of a particular class, at New Orleans, and finally the conversion of several brigs and schooners into bomb-vessels, as well as the purchase of steamers of a certain class, evidently to be used as convoys, all go to prove that events of great moment must presently transpire in the south west. We presume there can be no impropriety in speaking of these matters now, as the preparations have so far advanced that no observing reader, who has "kept the run of things" for the past few months, can have failed to comprehend the ultimate purposes of the government. The officers of the navy off Vera Cruz, we have reason to believe, have not been as idle as they seemed to be during the autumn and winter.

The coast of Mexico was a perfect *terra incognita* prior to the commencement of the war. Information of a minute character was important to our land forces, in order that a co-operation with the navy might be certain and perfect.—We know that some most daring reconnoisances, even of the Castle, have been made by our officers, and that information of an important character has been obtained. It is not likely that a tythe of what has been done, or is actually known, has been permitted to reach the public eye. There is certainly reason to infer from the evident concerted action between the army and navy, that the large number of vessels which have recently been chartered, are intended to convey troops and supplies to the vicinity of Vera Cruz, and that the settled purpose is to take the Castle by storm if possible, and if the attempt should fail, then to form a regular siege and surround both the Castle and the city by land and sea, cut off all supplies and force a surrender.—These are mere speculations, which may turn out to be sadly incorrect, but we believe they are justified by circumstances which have already transpired, and are now daily transpiring, in the country. [Savannah Republican.

A NEW FEATURE.

We had supposed that from a long acquaintance we understood the Bangor Whig pretty well, but we find that there was something to learn. We were aware that as a political paper it would go to all lengths, that it abounded in empty professions, was a great hobby-rider, that it often committed blunders and indiscretions, was officious and silly—and while almost any new prank, vagary or folly would not surprise us, we were not prepared to see it advocate the detestable Lynch code, encourage mobs, riots and the wanton destruction of property. Yet that paper of the 23d exhibited this new and abhorrent feature as will be seen by the following extract:

"The community generally have come to acknowledge that intemperance is the colossal evil of our times, and, which, more than any other, brings sorrow to human hearts, and makes the heaven-given faculties of man low to the dust in self debasement, and which threatens the most direful and crushing oppression to the human race. The great apparent and tangible cause of intemperate drinking is its sale. Against this, therefore, they must oppose themselves. The conviction is deep, general, all prevading in the great mass of the people of Maine, and certainly so in this city, that, if there is power in the majority—the great mass of the people to overcome this traffic in which only the minority—the few are engaged, or support, then it shall be done!—This is the grand result to which all the branches of the hosts of temperance, and every shade of opinion, converge and not like the rays of the sun to a common focus. To the accomplishment of this end, they mean to work.—The word of persuasion and kindness has been often spoken and will be often repeated—the force of reason and solid argument and touching appeal have been tried, and will not be given up—the application of the law, with its penalties, has been made, will be repeated, blow after blow, until the object shall be accomplished, or the inefficiency of the law, or the weakness of our courts fully established—and if present laws and present political systems are not powerful enough, others will be demanded and secured; and if all reasonable trials in this way should fail to put down the traffic, which, judged from its effects, is scarcely less than infernal, than our solemn conviction is, that, cool and sober, as the citizens of our State generally are, they will stop this tide flowing wave of misery and death, EVEN IF THEY RESORT TO THE LYNCH CODE. The alternative is an awful one, we know, and we refer to it to show the utter abhorrence with which the rum traffic has come to be regarded.

The people of this State will not resort to the "Lynch code" to suppress intemperance notwithstanding the "solemn conviction" of the Whig. To suppress vice and promote virtue they will not commit *crime*, and to charg them with entertaining such loose ideas of morality and their duty as citizens is to call in question their virtue and their good sense. It is a base libel, and if its author is innocent in intention in publishing it, he stands in sad want of moral instruction and a guardian.—Whether his moral preceptions are such that he cannot distinguish between right and wrong, or whether he intentionally encourages a disregard of the laws, he is a person totally unfit to have charge of a public press.

[Bangor Democrat.

☞ A man in Eastport of "respectable connections and engaged in respectable business" advertises for a wife. "She must be neat in her person, and understand domestic duties; good form, and of genteel figure. Her manners must be agreeable, and her disposition pleasant. One whose age does not exceed twenty five would be preferred." Address X. Y. Z. with real name at the Sentinel office, Eastport.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia American states that "there is to be a bitter and indigenant war waged by the Administration against the principal generals in the field."

This is a weak invention of the enemy. The federal politicians have for some time been at work to get up a quarrel between these parties, but in vain.

The friends of the Hon John McLean are about holding public meeting at Pittsburg with a view to his nomination for the presidency.

Another Democratic Senator. Pierre Soule has been elected U. S. Senator from Louisana in place of Mr. Barrow, deceased. First ballot Soule 59, Bordelon 52

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 9, 1847.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

"While Humanity is outraged, our Country's disgraced, the Laws of Heaven suspended, and those of Hell put in force, by the conduct and continuance of the Mexican War, we shall not cease (in attempt at least) to rouse the public mind to a sense of the awful guilt brought upon this nation by what has been deservedly called 'the most infamous war ever recorded upon the page of history.'"

The above "infamous," not to say blasphemous, paragraph is from an article in a religious, rather irreligious, paper, called "The Boston Recorder,"—a paper that takes sides with the party that claims all the wisdom, decency, religion, and patriotism; that contends, that the morals of the good people in the City of Boston, under its present comparatively liberal system of education, are growing worse and worse; and that advocates a doctrine teaching that *war will eternally exist* between the Creator of all and a part of his own creation, with a cruelty compared to which the greatest cruelty ever practised by man, in any war or persecution, ecclesiastically or otherwise, is mercy.

Such a paper—what has it done to promote morality, or the rights and happiness of community? Why language like the above quoted, emenating from the pulpit and the press, has done more to encourage *profanity* than all other causes combined, and has led some honestly to suppose that they could trace its very origin to the pulpit. The writer sympathizes with the Mexican citizens in their sufferings, brought upon them in the unpolitic course pursued by their own Government, while he manifests no interest in the repeated wrongs and protracted sufferings endured by our citizens in consequence of the treachery of Mexico, which caused the war.

The author of the above quotation, talking about our country's being disgraced, is probably of the same stock of Federal Priests that so disgraced our country in the last war, by displaying their flaming patriotism from the pulpit in language so like what we now hear and read, that one would suppose the latter a transcript of the former, with a slight variation to adapt it to the present time. The following is a fair specimen:—

"☞ *Every provocation* has been offered to Great Britain on *our part*, and *our resentment has risen* in proportion as she has shown *a conciliating spirit*."

"Each man who aids in the prosecution of the war, *in the sight of God and his law is a murderer*."

"Let every man who sanctions this war by his suffrages or influence remember that he is to cover himself and his country with blood. *The blood of the slain* will cry from the ground against him."

Thus, reader, was the holy altar, dedicated to the worship of God, desecrated by lawless Federal Priests, and at a time too, when dark clouds hovered over us—when our country bled at every pore; and thus it is now that the professedly religious press is desecrated.

The following, written some years since, by a true patriot and statesman, is a faithful picture of those who are now called Whigs, in past times Federalists, and especially of the class alluded to in the article. After giving a most eloquent description of their persevering opposition to every measure of the government, he thus proceeds in his expansion of their true character.

"To crown this picture of folly and mischief, they (the Federalists) appeared yesterday under a garb which at once evinces their contempt for your understanding, and their total want of confidence in your patriotism—under a garb which should receive the most distinct marks of your detestation; they are '*the friends of peace*.' While our enemies are waging war against us, a cruel and bloody war, they cry 'Peace!' While our western wilds are whitening with the bones of our murdered women and children—while their blood is yet trickling down the walls of their former habitations—while the Indian warhoop and the British drum are in unison echoing the cry, and the Brandt, disguised the Indian tomahawk suspended over the heads of our citizens—at such a time, when the soul of every man who has sensibility to feel his country's wrongs, and spirit to defend her rights, should be in arms—it is that they cry PEACE! While the brave American tar, the intrepid defender of our rights, and redeemer of our national character, the present boast and future honor of our land, is pressed by force into a service he detests, which compels a brother to imbrue his hands in a brother's blood, while he is yet 'to sing upon the surface of ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests less savage than his persecutors, that waft him to a returnless distance from his family and home,'—it is at such a period, when there is no peace, when there can be no peace, without sacrificing every thing valuable, that our feelings are insulted, the public are paralyzed, and the public ear stunned by the dastardly and incessant cry of PEACE! What, fellow citizens, must be the opinion which they entertain of you? Can any man be so stupid as not to perceive that it is an appeal to your fears, to your avarice, and to all the baser passions which actuate the human heart? That it is approaching you in the manner in which alone these puny politicians who buzz about you, and thicken the political atmosphere, say you are accessible through your fears and your pockets? Can any American citizen be so profligate as not to spurn indignantly the base libel upon his character."

And so it is true, while no motive of revenge or of ambition fires the bosoms of the patriots who would fight for the free exercise of conscience, "to leave their children the fruits of their labors, and wisdom,—the benefits of their example, and the rich legacy of civil and religious liberty," Federalism, even as approved by some religionists, would turn liberty into licentiousness—into anarchy. To be free, does not imply to act as they do, without principles, without views;—not to break through and despise all restraints, as they have done. Too often have they made liberty a fertile source of disturbance—division—tumult and confusion. They have made it instrumental to the passions—to pride, vanity, self-interest, ambition. All violence, restraint, and coercion are

averse to the spirit of liberty. And he who abuses this blessing, purchased with the blood of our fathers —who by any means undermines or diminishes it "is an enemy to mankind—a traitor to the human race," a slave, who would fain reduce and debase all men to the same level with himself. When we consider the course pursued by them, particularly by *a certain class of them, false professors* acting under a religious cloak, we can hardly refrain from assenting to the declaration of the Whig "Journal of Commerce," that *they are "the greatest rascals that go unhanged."*

EDUCATION MEETING.

We would call the special attention of our friends to this meeting, to come off next Saturday at this place, a notice of which may be found in another column of this paper. All classes, particularly teachers, and the great mass of the people, should be awake to this subject. We have the means—money enough is raised, every year, for the support of our common schools—and if we will only avail ourselves of the most approved system of education, we may derive three times the amount of benefit we now do. Is not this worth an effort? Come then, one and all, and let Old Oxford be the Banner County in favor of Popular Education. The benefits resulting from the diffusion of knowledge are well nigh innumerable. If we disseminate true knowledge, we scatter the seeds of equality and republican feeling; general knowledge is essential to good legislation; by elevating the character, securing the perfect equity of the laws, general knowledge gives security to property, and thus tends to promote industry. It tends to establish the level of property. True religion and sound morality flourish more, and take root deeper, in an intelligent community than in the barren soil of mental insensibility. Universal instruction promotes a spirit of peace among citizens, and among nations.

THE ARMY BILL.

The following is a synopsis of this bill, which passed the Senate a week ago last Monday by a vote of 39 to 3.

1st. It authorizes ten regiments to be raised during the war with Mexico, (one of dragoons and nine of infantry,) and gives the President discretion to organize one or more regiments as voltigeurs and foot riflemen, to be provided with a rocket and mountain howitzer battery.

2d. They are to serve during the war unless sooner discharged.

3d. Authorizes the President to appoint one additional major to each regiment of dragoons, artillery, and riflemen, to be taken from the captains in the army.

4th. Allows to each regiment a regimental quarter-master, to be taken from the subalterns of the line of the army, to receive $10 per month additional pay, and forage for two horses.

5th. All to be immediately discharged at the close of the war with Mexico.

6th. Allows one surgeon and one assistant surgeon to each regiment.

7th. Allows one chaplain to each regiment at $1000 per annum, two rations per day, and forage for one horse. The volunteers to be allowed to elect their own chaplain.

8th. Allows two additional surgeons to the regular army.

9th. Provides that all who have served for a period not less than twelve months, or who may serve during the present war with Mexico, and receive an honorable discharge, or who may die with wounds or sickness incurred, shall be entitled to receive 160 acres of land, to be located by the soldier or his heirs at law, at any land office in the United States in one body, where land is subject to entry. The land to descend 1st, to the widow—2d, the children—3d, the mother—4th, the father—and 5th, to brothers and sisters. No claims against the soldier, prior to the issue, to affect the bill—the soldier allowed at his option to take the land, or scrip for $160, bearing an interest of 6 per cent., payable semi-annually, and redeemable at the pleasure of the government.

10th. Allows the President to appoint from the officers of the army four quarter-masters with the rank of major, and ten quarter-masters with the rank of captain, and one regimental quarter-master to each regiment, to be appointed by the President alone in the recess of the Senate.

FEDERAL DICTIONARY.

Patriotism—Opposition to the Government and laws.

Religion—Defaming the character of every patriotic and good man.

Sympathy—Having a common feeling with the enemy—hatred to our country.

Truth—A lie well stuck to.

Honesty—In *profession*, love for the dear people!—In *practice*, robbing the many for the benefit of the few,—grinding the poor.

Electioneering—Making promises to the people never to be fulfilled.

Patriotic cry—Peace in war, war in peace.

Great Man—A political hireling, virtually a traitor. A spendthrift. A splendid pauper.

The Tea and Coffee Tax—In the Senate, Feb. 1, a communication was received from the Secretary of the Treasury in answer to Mr Cameron's resolution of the 7th of January, recommending an increase on duties as follows:—On coal 10 per cent; iron 5 per cent; on cloths and cassimeres, costing over $4 per yard, 10 per cent; on brown, white, and refined sugar, 20 per cent; on cotton prints, costing over 20 cents per square yard, 5 per cent; on white and red lead, 10 per cent. These increased duties he estimates will produce $1,418,000. Diminished duties of 5 per cent are recommended on axes, hammers, chissels, ploughshares, and cotton goods costing not over 8 cents per square yard, which will $55 000. The tax on tea and coffee is again recommended, reduced to 15 per cent., and some few articles on the free list to be taxed, but none of any consequence.

An ecclesiastical council, convened at Surry, N. H., a few weeks since, to ordain Mr J. P. Perry, of Ipswich, decided that the candidate was not sound in the faith. The objection was that to the question, "How are the dead raised up, and what body do they come?" Mr. P could not say that he believed in a bodily resurrection.

"The manner in which all wives are spoiled, is by giving them their own way at first; for whatever you accustom them to in the beginning, they will expect ever after. The true secret in governing them is, never to do any thing for peace sake. If you do, you will never have an hour of it, but by concession.—Barrington.

Women have generally been found to be greater tyrants than men. They have seldom possessed power without abusing it. The reign of Mary, Queen of England, and also that of Queen Elizabeth, who signed the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scotts, and the reign of Catharine of Russia, and hundreds of others, inferior in power, afforded sufficient proof of the fact. A woman's general idea of empire seems to consist in the privilege of saying, *I will*, or *I wont*, instead of holding its sway over the heart. Women generally like to govern their husbands better than they do their children. No family is more miserable than the one where the husband is subject to the will of a *tyrant wife*. He submits to wrong for the sake of peace, which he never finds, and despises himself that he is *less* than a man, while his wife entertains no respect for him, because he is destitute of manly spirit, firmness, and dignity. His spirit is broken, his energies wasted, and his whole manly nature completely dissolved. A woman who has such a husband *from such causes*, may thank *herself* for it. The *honor* of having achieved a laudable victory over the will of her husband, is *all* her own. On the contrary, no family is so happy, as the one where the husband holds the reins of government with a gentle but firm hand: where he is master of his palace, where all respect his will, and love and honor his presence.—His wife is his angel, and his children his comfort.—He delights to spend his leisure moments at his own fire side, instead of places of idle resort. He is respected for his independence and good sense; she is loved for her gentleness and amiability. Though the firm maintenance of authority may, for the time being, cause an unhappy feeling, yet, as the sun seems to shine brighter and clearer for the shower having passed, so will it be in the horizon of affection in that family, where the husband is respected the more for having established his title as the superior head of it. There is scarcely a man in existence that could refuse the request of a fond wife. There is nothing in man's power to procure, that a prudent wife may not obtain by affection; and the moment a woman resorts to rash words or rough means to attain her object, though in itself laudable, that moment she loses all claim to respect.—There is not a more disgusting object than a contentious woman. No woman should contend with her friend or husband, as neither will seek to injure her,—if she does so, it arises from a bad disposition.

"It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and an angry woman."—Solomon.

FROM THE ARMY.

Col Kinney arrived at Tampico on the 19th of Jan., direct from Victoria with despatches from Gen. Taylor to Gen Shields, to suspend operations for the present. He entered Victoria with Gen Quitman on the 9th.—Gen Quitman drove the Mexicans before him the last thirty or forty miles before entering Victoria. The Mexicans were very reluctant to give up the place, but went out on one side as the Americans entered on the other. Gen. Quitman having no cavalry could not pursue them.

Col Kinney parted with Gen Taylor at Montemorales, and pushed on with Gen Quitman to Victoria, thence alone to Tampico. There was no reason to suppose that Gen Butler and Gen. Worth had moved from Saltillo, though it was so reported. The Mexican army it was believed was not far off. The Mexican soldiers seen in the neighborhood of Saltillo are now supposed to have been advanced parties of fifteen hundred or two thousand men kept on this side of the desert, between Saltillo and St. Luis, to destroy the water tanks, in case the American army should move in force in the direction of San Luis, which precludes the idea of any serious attack being contemplated upon Gen Worth or Gen. Wool, the object of the Mexicans being to keep watch upon the American forces, to retreat before any advance, and to cut off supplies of water.

Private letters express very little doubt of large Mexican forces, mostly cavalry, being at Tula, at the last dates, under Gen Valentia. Gens Urrea, Romero and Fernandez were also reported in that vicinity.

On the 1st of January, Gen. Taylor sent forward Col. May to examine the mountain passes between Montemorales and Labraderes. On his return he took another pass leading to Linares, and was attacked by a large body of the enemy, and his rear guard cut off by rolling stones into the pass, which was scarcely wide enough for a single horseman. Col. May got through with the main body of his force and reached a spot where he was enabled to dismount and return to succor the rear guard. But it was too late, as the enemy had retreated with their prisoners. Col. May's force consisted of about 80 men, of whom he lost 11, with their horses, and 7 pack mules. The gallant little squad fought bravely and effectually, but what extent of damage they did to the enemy was not accurately known.

Gens. Taylor, Twiggs, Patterson and Pillow were at Victoria with a large force. Gen. Shields, with six hundred and fifty men, marched from Tampico on the 10th towards Altamira, with the supposed intention of opening a communication with Gen Taylor at Victoria. From two to three thousand Mexican troops were between Tampico and Victoria, with which it was supposed Gen. Shields might have an engagement. The force remaining at Tampico numbered 950 men. The Tampico market was amply supplied with American merchandise.

Col Kinny states that the Mexican force at San Luis amounts to thirty thousand men, and he estimates their entire force in the field at fifty thousand men. The capture of Tampico, he says, had created the greatest excitement throughout the country. Gens. Butler, Worth and Wool had at Saltillo eight thousand men, considered the flower of the army. Col. Kinney speaks confidently of our success in case of an engagement at Saltillo. Gens. Taylor and Patterson are at Victoria, with six thousand men, waiting orders from Gen. Scott.

Santa Anna's Plan—A letter appears in the Spanish paper, La Patria, published at New Orleans, dated Mexico, Dec 28, which purports to unfold the plan of the campaign which Santa Anna has adopted.—The writer says that every means of precaution will be taken in order to fortify well one point of the republic with all the necessary reinforcements within a radius not very extended, but well traced, distracting in every possible manner the enemy, and calling his attention to insignificant movements. By these means it hoped that much precious time will be lost by the troops of the U States, and thus at the beginning of summer, they will be scattered all over the country at different points, so that at no single place they may have a force as large as the central division of the Mexican army. It is said that Santa Anna will not leave San Luis Potosi, altho' some movements and apparent marches will be practised, so that the enemy may believe that he is about to leave. A considerable number of troops are stationed at proper points to cut off the North Americans on their retreat, in the case they should come as far as San Luis, "where they will not be able to sustain the resistance of the Mexicans."

The writer has evidently not heard of the stricken fields of Palo Alto, Resseca de la Palma and Monterey.

Rumor of Peace—A passenger from the South, who arrived in Washington the 31st ult., reports a rumor that the Mexican Congress had accepted the U States' proposition of peace and authorized the appointment of Peace Commissioners to meet similar Commissioners from the United States Government.

Since the above paragraph was put in type we have received the Washington Union, which, in copying the rumor, says,—

"We are not advised of any such report having been officially received at Washington. If it had come to Gen. Worth from San Luis de Potosi, it would most probably have reached Gen. Taylor at Victoria. But despatches from him are received at late as the 7th of January from Victoria. He is not only silent about any such report, but states that the last accounts from Mexico were to the 10th December, at which time the Congress of Mexico had taken no action in regard to the war. In fact, our previous advices from Mexico are later than those which he has noticed."

The Right Spirit—A number of citizens of Ohio Co., Va., have petitioned Congress to lay a 20 per cent duty on all free articles of the Tariff except coin and bullion, for the purpose of raising means to defray the expenses of the war. The petition concludes in this patriotic strain:—

"Whilst a portion of our citizens are enduring the privations of the camp, and risking their health and lives in sustaining the rights and honor of our common country, we, your petitioners, who remain at home, not only consider it our duty, but would consider it a high privilege to bear the small burden that this moderate increase of the tariff would impose upon us."

New York papers publish the following extract from a private letter written in Mexico to some person in N York:—

"We are determined to carry on the war. General Santa Anna has already collected at San Luis more 25,000 *regular* troops. Our letters of marque are operating; they will strike in quarters where least expected, in the Mediterranean and Indian seas, &c. We shall see how our neighbors will feel then."

Rhode Island.—The General Assembly of Rhode Isl and adjourned one week ago last Thursday, after a session of three and a half weeks, during which they enacted many important laws both of a public and private nature. An appropriation not to exceed $2500, at the discretion of the Governor, was made for the subsistence of the men who may enlist in that State for the Mexican war.

The Boston Advertiser, speaking of the message of Gov. Young, in which he excuses himself for the pardon of the anti-renters, has the following reflection, which we commend to the attention of those who rejoiced in the "Whig Victory" of Young's election:—

"Hereafter the plea of 'politics' may rival that of insanity 'in screening from punishment a man who has killed his neighbor."

Cracow—The European press has not yet done with the question of the incorporation of Cracow with Austria. The disposition of its trade has opened up the subject anew. The tyrants who have seized this free city have nearly come to a conclusion with respect to its future commercial relations. Austria evidently means to monopolize its trade. The London Herald, of Dec 4, speaks of the sensation which this spoliation has created in the following terms:—

"That the learned, sincere, and simple-minded professors of Germany, living as they do without fear and without reproach, should denounce crime and fraud, by whomsoever practised, was almost a necessity of the nature of such men. But that the spoliation of Cracow should have aroused the cold-blooded, the selfish, and the sensual—smelling of the perfumed air of courts, and masked ante-chambers of ministers—we were not prepared to believe. Yet we learn by letters received last night from Germany that even in the court circles of Vienna and Berlin there are men—ay, and courtiers too—who give to their worst of thoughts the worst of words—and who do not hesitate to call this deed of spoliation base and cowardly and impolitic, and who darkly hint at the probable, if not certainly inevitable and most disastrous consequences."

A Bear Story—A Boston paper relates the following Bear story. In July last, the crews of some fishing vessels from York, Maine, were on the coast or Labrador, when they killed an immense white bear of the following dimensions: Length from between the ears to the beginning of the tail, nine feet nine inches; girth around the body, eight feet four inches; girth around uncle, one foot six inches; middle nail on one of the fore paws, seven inches. It took eleven men to roll him off from the bank into the sea. Two flour barrels were filled with fat taken from between the hide and the flesh. He was fired at fifteen times on a Saturday, but on Sunday could not be found. On Monday he was seen on the shore, still alive, when he was attacked and killed by means of dogs and axes. There were eight ball holes in him, one under his fore-shoulder, from which, when he raised his paw to strike at the dogs, the blood would spirt out, although the wound was given on the Saturday before. His skin was so much injured in taking it off that nothing could be done with it.

Arrest of a dishonest Lad—John Lisett has been arrested in Calais, and committed to Machias jail, Maine. He acknowledges before the justice that he found the pocket book of Mr. Hall J Howe, of Boston, lost several weeks ago; that he took the money from it, and dropped the pocket book in Silver street; then took the cars for Portland, where he assumed the name of James Trull, thence he went to Robbinston by stage, and arrived there Jan. 20th, having still in his possession $303. When lost, the pocket book contained $384.—His detention arose from his presenting a $100 bill of the Rochester Bank, N. H., to Mr. O'Brion, the landlord of the tavern in Robinston.

Ireland—This country continues in its abject misery, and the accounts of destitution grow even more appalling. It is indeed horrible to read the descriptions of its distress. Utter despair has taken possession of its population. "When," a British journal says, "a half naked cotter has toiled down a whole field in a November day, turning over all the soil a spade's depth in search of food that comes up only in quantities of offensive decomposition, and when he looks in the face of his starving child who stands by to pick up the fetid masses from his spade, few can blame him that he despairs."—Instances of death by starvation are frequent.

A monument, costing $2500, is to be erected over the remains of Decatur, which have been recently removed from a family vault near Washington city to St. Peter's churchyard in Philadelphia.

Nathan Beman, a revolutionary hero, died at Chateaugay, Franklin Co., N. Y., on the 22d ult., in the 90th year of his age. The Albany Journal says:

"Mr. B was Ethan Allen's guide at the capture of Ticonderoga. He was intimate in the fort, and conducted Allen directly to Capt de la Place's room. He was at Allen's side when he told the astounded officer by whose authority he demanded the surrender of the fort.

Special Notice

Mr. JOHN H. W. HAWKINS will deliver Lectures on Temperance at the following places, viz:

Springvale,	Feb.	1.	Solon Village,	Feb.	18.
Alfred,	"	2.	Anson,	"	19.
Lewiston Falls,	"	4.	Madison Bridge,	"	20.
Greene's Corner,	"	5.	Industry, West Mills,	"	21
Monmouth Center,	"	6.	" Allen's Mills,	"	22
Winthrop Village,	"	7.	Farmington Hill.	"	23.
Readfield Corner,	"	8	North Farmington,	"	24.
Mt Vernon Village,	"	9.	Strong Village,	"	25
Vienna,	"	10.	Salem,	"	26
Farmington Falls,	"	11.	Phillips,	"	27
Week's Mills, in			Weld Village,	"	28.
New Sharon,	"	12	Dixfield,	March	1.
New Sharon,	"	13.	Mexico,	"	2
Mercer Village,	"	14.	E. Rumford,	"	3
Norridgewock,	"	15	Rumford Point,	"	4
Skowhegan,	"	16.	North Woodstock.	"	5.
Madison Mills,	"	17.			

R DUNHAM.

Eastern papers please copy. Feb. 3, 1847.

Education Meeting.

A meeting of the Friends of Education will be held at the Meeting House, in this Village, on Saturday next, 13th inst, at one o'clock P. M. A general attendence of all classes is hoped for.

Lyceum.

The Paris Lyceum will meet at the School House in this Village on Saturday evening, Feb. 13th, 1847.

Subject for Discussion——Resolved, That Capital Punishment ought to be abolished.

"While there is life there is hope."

Instances like the following are almost of daily occurrance, and render superfluous all farther comment upon the efficacy of Wistar's Balsam.

Poukeepsie, N. Y, Sept. 18, 1845.

Mr. Seth W. Fowle: Dear Sir,—The character of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is so well established throughout the country, and especially in the State of New York, that any further testimony would seem to be unnecessary. Yet I have derived so much advantage from it, that I am happy to communicate through you to the sick and afflicted, what it has done for me, and I consider it a privilege and a duty to do so. I have been troubled with weak lungs four years: had a cough more or less every winter. I was confined to the house all last winter with a severe cough, pain in the side and breast, raised blood several times. I consulted a physician, but have never taken any medicine which has done me so much good as

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,

I consider it the best medicine in the world for Coughs, Colds and Pulmonary complaints.

WILLIAM B SWARTS.

None genuine without the written signature of I Butts.

MARRIED.

In Norway, by Samuel Cobb, Esq., Mr Edmund Ames to Miss Clarrissa Ann Smith, both of Norway.

In East Thomaston, Mr. Lewis Richardson, Senior publisher of the Lime Rock Gazette, to Miss Frances R Condon.

DIED.

In this town, 6th inst, Miss Tabitha Pearson, aged 74 years.

In this town, 4th inst., Mr. Daniel Cummings, aged 66 years.

In Sumner, 22d ult., Mr. Asher Keen, in his 35th year.

In this town, 20th ult., of whooping cough, an infant daughter of Eldridge and Abigail Gray, aged five weeks and three days.

In Norway, Mrs. Rebecca Frost, relict of the late Jacob Frost, aged 80 years.

5 Chests Souchang,
5 " Ningyong,

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE, just received from New York, and for sale by
BROWN & CO.
Steep Falls, Norway, Feb 6. 1847. 40

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold public Auction on Saturday, the sixth day of March, 1847 at ten o'clock A. M. at the Inn of Col. Samuel Morrill, in Dixfield,—All the Right in Equity of Redemption which SAMUEL WEBBER has of redeeming the Farm which he now occupies, situated in Dixfield, being the same he purchased of Wm. Morse.

ISAAC PARK, Deputy Sheriff.
Dixfield, January 30th, 1847. 40

Norway Liberal Institute.

THE First Term of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, the tenth day of March next, and continue *Twelve Weeks.*

The course of instruction will be as extensive as in Seminaries of high standing, or of long established celebrity. The studies to be taught are—Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, German, Italian; also, the various branches of Common and Higher English, particularly those that constitute a Business Education.

Familiar Lectures on the Natural Sciences will be frequently given during the Term.

A Teacher's Class will be formed, and receive instruction by special recitations and oral lectures.

TUITION.

Common English,	$3,00
Higher "	4,00
Languages,	4,00
Music, Piano and Guitar, (extra,)	5,00
Penmanship,	1,00

For less than half a term, thirty or forty cents per week will be charged, according to the studies pursued.

Board, in families, for gentlemen, $1,25 to $1,50—for ladies. $1,00 to $1,25 per week.—Besides, measures will be taken to provide students with facilities for boarding themselves, at a considerable saving of expense.

TEACHERS.

Ebenezer P. Hinds, A B *Principal.*
Jacob W. Brown, *Vice Principal.*
Mrs. Mary A. A. Addison, *Teacher of Music.*
Josiah H Baker, *Teacher of Penmanship.*

N B.—For particulars apply to the Principal, who resides at Stevens' Plains (Westbrook.)
Stevens' Plains, Jan. 26, 1846 6w39

To the Hon. Justice of the Western District Court, to be holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

THE Petition of Wm. Minot, John R. Adan and Robert C. Winthrop, all of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Executors and Trustees under the Will of Thomas L. Winthrop, late of said Boston, deceased, humbly shews that they are all interested and hold in common and undivided with Galen Merian and other persons to your petitioners unknown, one undivided fourth part of a parcel of land situated in Township number Two, now called Franklin Plantation, in the County of Oxford, described and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the South East corner of said Township number Two, now Franklin Plantation,—thence North eighty-three and one half degrees West on the line of the town of Sumner and said number Two, two hundred rods to the South East corner of Lot numbered Eight in Usher's South Grant,—thence on the East line of said lot one hundred and sixty rods to the North East corner of said lot numbered Eight,—thence South eighty-three and one half degrees West two hundred rods to the South East corner of lot numbered Fourteen in said Usher's Grant,—thence on the Easterly line of said lot numbered Fourteen one hundred and sixty rods to the North East corner of said lot numbered Fourteen,—thence South eighty-three and one half degrees West six hundred and nine rods to the line of Woodstock—thence North two and one half degrees East one hundred and sixty rods to the South West corner of lot numbered Eight in Milton Academy Grant,—thence North seventy-three and one half degrees East on said Milton Academy Grant line nine hundred rods to the line of Peru,—thence South fourteen degrees East six hundred and twenty-five rods to the bound begun at, containing sixteen hundred and seventy acres.

Also, one other undivided fourth part of a parcel of land and estate situated in said Township numbered Two described and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Milton Academy Grant, and Southerly by Buxton Academy Grant, and known by the name of the Gorge, lying Northerly of Milton Academy Grant, containing eight hundred acres.

Wherefore they pray your Honor to order and cause partition to be made of said real estate and that their proportion thereof may be set off to be by them held in severalty according to law in such cases provided.

JOHN R. ADAN,
WM MINOT,
ROB'T C. WINTHROP.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—At a District Court, Western District, begun and holden at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

ON the Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing an attested copy of said Petition and this Order of Court thereon three weeks successively in the Portland Advertiser, a newspaper printed in the City of Portland, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, and by serving the same upon the said Galen Merian, named in said petition, by giving him a copy in hand, or by leaving the same at his last and usual place of abode. Each of the last publications to be thirty days, at least, and said personal notice upon said Merian to be served, at least fourteen days before the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1847, that all persons interested may attend and be heard if they think proper.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of the Petition and Order of Court thereon.
40 Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

The New Store,
STEEP FALLS, NORWAY,
REOPENED.

THE subscribers having refitted the Store at Steep Falls, Norway, recently occupied by Messrs. A. C. Denison & Co., are now opening an entire

New Stock of Goods,

CONSISTING OF A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Dry Goods, West India Goods, Groceries, Medicines, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Crockery and Hard Ware, Stoves, Agricultural Tools, Bar Iron, Steel, &c.

They flatter themselves that their facilities for purchasing in the New York, Boston and other markets, will enable them to afford their goods at very low prices, and they will be satisfied with the smallest possible rate of profits.

Their Stock embraces a great variety of Goods, both as to quality and price, and they do not intend to be undersold by any trader in the County. They do not expect to give character to their establishment by offering *a few common articles* at cheap rates, so much as by the uniform good quality and cheapness of the whole.

Their Stock embraces too great a variety to attempt an enumeration of the articles; but the Goods are here, and they are to be sold, both at *WHOLESALE and RETAIL.*

☞ All kinds of Produce taken in payment—and the cash not refused.

BROWN & CO.
Steep Falls, Norway, Jan. 15, 1847. 37

☞Cash Paid.☜

FOR HERDS GRASS and CLOVER SEED, by
BROWN & CO.
Steep Falls, Norway, Jan. 18, 1847. 37

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artifitial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN,

Paris-Hill.

Price—Filling with Gold, from 50 cts to $1,00.
do Tin Foil, 25 " 50.
Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 " 1,00.
Setting Pivot Teeth, from $1,00 to 1,50, and 2,00.
Work warranted.——March 28. tf 47

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Kimball P. Bennett, formerly of Sweden, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his deed of Mortgage dated November eighth, A. D 1841, conveyed to me a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said Sweden, and described as follows, to wit:—The Northerly half of the Lot of land numbered twenty four in the third Division of Lots in said Sweden.

And, whereas the condition of said Mortgage has been broken, I hereby give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES G PORTER.
Sweden, January 22, 1847 39

☞*Please to read this.*☜

A good chance to clear from $500 to $1000 a year.

AGENTS wanted in every Town and County, throughout the State of Maine to procure subscribers to

"Sears' New Pictorial and Illustrated Family Magazine,"

and to sell SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST ever published; as they certainly are the most saleable.

Any active Agent may clear from $500 to $1000 a year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter.

The postage must in all cases be paid.

Brown & Appleton, General Agents for the State of Maine.
Portland, Jan 12, 1847 ia3w37

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the Estate of

SAMUEL TAYLOR,

late of Porter, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to WILLIAM F. TAYLOR.

Porter, Jan. 7, 1847. 39

At a Court of Probate, held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the 7th day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty seven.

ON the Petition of JAMES WALKER, Jr., Guardian of Eliza Jane, Lucy and Julia Ann Long, minors, and heirs of **Jedediah Long,** late of Denmark, in said county, deceased, representing that the said minors are seized of two certain lots or tracts of real estate, each containing thirty acres, as described in the inventory of record in the Probate Office, situate in Brownfield, in said county, and called the Great Bog lot, the other in Denmark at the head of Pleasant Pond, and that it would be for the benefit of said minors that the same should be sold and the proceeds put out and secured on interest, after paying incidental charges; and therefore praying that License may be granted him to sell and convey the same:

It was *Ordered,* That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the second day of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

37 Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate hold at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 7th day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty seven.

JAMES HEARD, Executor of the last Will and Testament of **Joseph F. Heard,** late of Porter, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was *Ordered,* that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the first Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

37 Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the Store of William Hutchins, in Lovell, on Wednesday, the 24th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,—All the real estate of Moses Andrews, non compos mentis. The said estate consists of about sixty acres of Lot No 32, in 4th Division, in Lovell.—Also one lot in Stoneham. Also a lot of land near Bliss Charles in Chatham with a house thereon.

Dated at Lovell, this 13th day of January, A D 1847

NATHAN ANDREWS, Guardian to said Non Compos Mentis.

37*

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executrix of the estate of

WILLIAM GAMAGE,

late of Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs,—She therefore requests all person who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to *ANN GAMAGE.*

Fryeburg, Jan. 7, 1847. 3w36

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

THOMAS COOLIDGE,

late of Livermore, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to WILLIAM COOLIDGE.

Livermore, Jan. 5, 1847. 3w36

THE subscribers hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken upon themselves the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

JUDAH DANA,

late of Fryeburg, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—They therefore request all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to EDWARD L. OSGOOD, JOHN W. DANA.

Fryeburg, Jan. 7, 1847. 35

Atlantic and St. Lawrence RAIL ROAD.

NOTICE is hereby given that the President and Directors of the ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE RAIL ROAD COMPANY have made a second assessment of *Five Dollars* on each and every share, subscribed for and taken on the capital Stock of said Company, and that said assessment will be due and payable to the Treasurer of the Company, at his office in Portland, on the FIRST DAY OF FEBRUARY next

CHAS E BARRETT, Treasurer of the A & St L R R Co.

Portland, Dec. 29, 1846. 12tF

Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery

—AND—

Phonographers Furnishing Depot.

AWARDED the Gold and Silver Medals, Four First Premiums, and Two Highest Honors at the National, the Massachusetts, the New York, and the Pennsylvania Exhibitions, respectively, for the most splendid Colored Daguerreotypes and best apparatus ever exhibited.

Portraits taken in exquisite style, without regard to weather. Instructions given in the art.

A large assortment of Apparatus and Stock always on hand, at the lowest cash prices.

New York, 151 *Broadway;* Philadelphia, 136 Chesnut St.; *Boston,* 75 Court, and 38 Hanover Sts; *Baltimore,* 205 Baltimore St.; Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue; Petersburg, Va., Mechanics' Hall; Cincinnati, Fourth and Walnut, and 176 Main St.; Saratoga Springs, *Broadway;* Paris, 127 Vieille Rue du Temple; Liverpool, 82 Church St.

July 7, 1846. 1y

Wanted immediately.

THE subscriber would respectfully notify some of his friends and customers that he is in want of a little Cash, for which long standing accounts will be marked "cash," and crossed out. For further particulars call at the Bookstore and inquire of B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846. tf 34

P. S. Hope some folks will take the hint.

BLANKS,

A prime assortment of Blanks, printed on good paper, kept constantly for sale at the Bookstore of

Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846. B. WALTON

WANTED,

$1000 In payment of arrearages for the Democrat, Advertising, &c.

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE

WORMS EASILY REMOVED!

WINER'S

Canadian Vermifuge!

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN DIE every year from the disease produced by Worms! They are the cause of numerous and frightful diseases. Indeed there is scarcely a complaint common to infancy and childhood which may not be produced or greatly aggravated by the presence of these destructive animals in the stomach and bowels. Cases are recorded of their producing St. Vitus's Dance, Locked-Jaw, Squinting, Dropsy, Loss of Feeling in the Limbs, Rickets, Palpitation of the Heart, Eruptions, Dry Cough, Severe Pains, Paleness, Emaciation, total Decline of Strength, and Consumption. They consume all nourishment in the body, and finally destroy the child.

Winer's Canadian Vermifuge is a pleasant, safe, speedy and permanent cure for this dangerous affliction. It destroys the worms at once, dissolves and carries off the slime which forms the nest of worms, and greatly improves and invigorates the system. It is the most perfect thing of the kind ever invented, and no family should be without it.

P. S. Parents may be assured that this medicine is perfectly harmless in all its effects. It is carefully compounded of the very best materials, and there is not the least danger in using it.

*** Price only 25 cents per bottle.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For Sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris; Hall & Dow, Norway; Grover & Burbank, Brad; John Lake, Turner, Charles T. Chase, Dixfield; Wm Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Woodwell, Rumford; and Edward Mason, Portland.—June 30, 1846. 1y8

DR. UPHAM'S

Vegetable Internal Remedy.

FOR THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Secured.

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine: and for the relief of Married Ladies

THE VEGETABLE PILE ELECTUARY, invented by Dr. Upham, a distinguished physician of N. York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an INTERNAL REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either bleeding or blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve *doses,* at $ 1-3 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This Medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause,* renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the Electuary was originally prepared for the cure of *Piles,* yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation or Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the *best* medicine ever discovered.

IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the injudicious use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the Skin and Scorbutious Affections; in all cases where the blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and dullness, *Dr. Upham's Electuary* is entirely unrivaled.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the PILES, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most delicate Catherine that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation,* but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

CURE FOR LIFE GUARANTIED.

The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge,* or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions A CURE FOR LIFE IS GUARANTIED.

*** Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this Medicine, may be had of Agents, gratis.

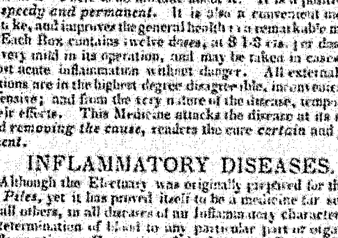
J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For Sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris; Hall & Dow, Norway; Grover & Burbank, Brad; John Blake, Turner; Charles T. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Woodwell, Rumford; and Edward Mason, Portland.—June 30, 1846. 1y8

BUCHAN'S

Hungarian Balsam

OF LIFE.



JOYFUL INTELLIGENCE!

ANOTHER Life saved after the DOCTORS could do no more!

Bath, Me, Feb. 24, 1845

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—I take pleasure in giving you a statement of the beneficial effects of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, on my daughter, who had been for a number of years afflicted with a bad cough, pain in the side, coming hoarse, and all those pains and troubles which attend that insidious disease, *CONSUMPTION.* I employed several of eminent physicians at great expense, who, after numerous visits, and many experiments, finally declared that

They could do no more!

I was then advised by a friend to try Buchan's Hungarian Balsam. I did so, and the result has been of astonishing. My daughter is *entirely cured,* and is now attending to her accustomed duties. I paid Two Hundred Dollars for Physicians and Medicine, without any sort of benefit, while Six dollars worth of Hungarian Balsam has restored the disease, restored the strength, and brought on a healthy action.

I am gratefully yours, JOHN YOUNG

ASTONISHING CURES OF CONSUMPTION!

Two cases pronounced beyond the reach of Medical aid.

Augusta, Me., May 27, 1845

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam has been of the most infinite service to me. I have been cured of an affection of the Lungs, which was thought to be incurable by all my friends, by the use of a few bottles. One of my children was also restored to health, after being pronounced *beyond the reach of Medical aid!* and this medicine is now my constant resort in cases of any difficulty in the throat and Lungs.

Yours, truly, FRANCIS J. WEEKS.

Belfast, Me., June, 1845

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—Mr. Clark, of Palmyra, a friend of mine, was taken sick about a year ago with bad cough, pain in the side, general debility, &c. He consulted several doctors who prescribed for him—but was finally told

He could not get well!

He stopped taking medicine, but continued to grow worse, until he was so weak that he could scarcely sit up. He saw a notice of the Hungarian Balsam, procured a bottle, and continued to take it according to the directions, and, strange to say, in a few months he was a strong man, and as he believed permanently cured.

Yours, respectfully,

H. G. O. WASHBURN, Bookseller.

MORE CURES OF SEATED CONSUMPTION!

Important testimony of Physicians and Druggists.

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 1, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee,—Sir,—The astonishing sale of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam obliges us to order a further supply. Please send us before, a sufficiency for six months. We can give you if you desire it, certificates from many responsible individuals who have not only been relieved from Asthma, Colds, and Coughs, but from those who have been brought up from *FIRMLY SEATED CONSUMPTION!*—and literally snatched from the grave! As a remedy for such complaints, we confidently believe it has never been surpassed.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR.

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all question, a most perfect and splendid preparation for diseases of the Lungs. I have used it in my family, and in my professional practice for more than two years, with the most uniform and entire success, in cases of *severe Pulmonary Disease,* and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most *CERTAIN REMEDY* for such diseases with which I am acquainted. Yours Respectfully,

FREDERIC T. STORER, *M. D.*

GREAT CURE OF NERVOUS CONSUMPTION!

A Patient raised from the Bed of Death by the Hungarian Balsam.

Warren, Me., Oct. 17, 1845.

To Dr D. F. Bradlee—Dear Sir—I feel a sincere pleasure in the opportunity afforded me to express my appreciation of the Hungarian Balsam. I think with the blessing of a kind Providence, I owe my life to this invaluable medicine. I have been for some two or three years afflicted with atrophy or nervous consumption, attended with all its horrors. I employed several different Physicians, but *THEY COULD GIVE ME NOTHING TO REACH MY CASE,* and I constantly grew worse, and at last was confined to my bed, with an inflammation in my stomach, lungs, and liver, and a severe palpitation of the heart, and the distressed heaving would sometimes last two or three hours and often times so violent as to shake my bed. I knew in this situation

I could not long survive.

My doctor and neighbors said the same. A friend accidentally sent to my family an advertisement of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam. They procured me a bottle, and I with some reluctance at first commenced taking it. The first dose gave me immediate relief, and in a few days I could sit up fifteen minutes and I continued to gain until I took fourteen bottles. I am now better health, although somewhat advanced in years, than for several years past. My Physician frankly asserts that it was the Hungarian Balsam that cured me.

Yours Respectfully, LUCIE C. CUSHMAN.

Certificate of the Apothecary who furnished the Hungarian Balsam to this Patient.

This may certify that I am acquainted with Mrs. Lucie C. Cushman, and was a witness of the effects of the Hungarian Balsam, described in the above certificate. Her case was a very severe and dangerous one; and the cure is considered very remarkable by all who know her. She was confined to her bed, had watchers at night, and was not expected to live but a few days, when she commenced taking the Balsam. She is now in better health than she has been for many years. The Hungarian Balsam is held in the highest possible estimation in this county. ORRIS S. ANDREWS, Apothecary.

Warren, Maine, October 24, 1845.

TESTIMONY OF PHYSICIANS AND APOTHECARIES!

In favor of the Great English Remedy for Consumption!

From Allison & Gault, Concord, N H—Dr. Bradlee—Dear Sir—In the whole list of remedies for diseases of the Lungs, *nothing stands the test like the Hungarian Balsam.* It is spoken of in the highest terms by men of standing in this place. Yours, Respectfully,

ALLISON & GAULT, Apothecaries

Concord, N. H., April 24, 1844.

From Edward Mason, Portland, Me—The Hungarian Balsam gives good satisfaction in this city and country, and I have no doubt, from the recent trial of its salutary effects upon myself, that it is an excellent preparation for the diseases of the lungs. EDWARD MASON, Apothecary,

52 Middle street, Portland.

From J. R. Nichols, Haverhill, Mass—I am much pleased with the Hungarian Balsam, and from the uniform satisfaction which it gives in *PULMONARY CONSUMPTION,* I think it can be conscientiously recommended by those who have it for sale. Yours, &c.,

J. R. NICHOLS, Druggist and Apothecary.

From Dr. H. P. Pulling, Albany N. Y.—I cheerfully give my name in recommendation of the Hungarian Balsam, believing it to be the best medicine I have ever used for diseases of the Lungs generally. H. P. PULLING, M. D.

107 Market street, Albany.

CONSUMPTION IN BANGOR, MAINE

Great cures by Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, in that cold climate.

Bangor, Me., Sept. 18, 1845.

I have now had the Agency of that excellent medicine, Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, about one year, and have sold in that period, nearly 12 gross, or 1728 bottles. Many of these have been used in the vicinity of Bangor, and I have never known more general satisfaction to result. Numbers, who have been cured of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and the Pneumonia, Measles, Erysipelas, &c. The success of this Balsam in the relief and cure of Pulmonary diseases, is absolutely astonishing—Hundreds, I am sure, have, by its use, been

Saved from a premature Grave!

—and it is supposed to be part of hope have been restored to complete health—and the instances of the speedy relief afforded are truly comfortable by its use. In cases of children, afflicted with severe and obstinate coughs, it has been employed with great success—several instances of this kind have come under my personal knowledge. In fact this is a great medicine. Its reputation is well established here, and the sale is constantly increasing. Yours truly, DAVID HUGHES.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For sale by—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris Hill; Hall & Dow, Norway; Grover & Burbank, Bethel; John Blake, Turner; Charles P. Chase, Dixfield; Wm Cousins, Poland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Woodwell, Rumford; Edward Mason, Portland.—June 30, 1846. 1y8

DR. WARREN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

TOMATO AND WILD CHERRY

Physical Bitters.

At 50 cents per Bottle.

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO and WILD CHERRY BITTERS have now become a standard Medicine, universally approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for *Scrofulous, Mercurial* and *Cutaneous Diseases;* Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious complaints, Liver complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Bad Humors, Eruptions on the face and body, Carbuncles, King's Evil, Chronic or Catarrh, Lungs, Diabetes, Headache, Pestilence, Sallow Complexion, and all those complaints which arise from the abuse of Mercury, or lurking humor in the Blood, no matter how acquired.

The Extract here presented is prepared after directions given by the celebrated Dr Warren whose name it bears, and will be found superior to any preparation of the kind now in use. It is highly concentrated—naturally expels the worst very finely flavored to the taste. The change which it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is *speedy* and *permanent.*

As a Spring Medicine for purifying the Blood, regulating the Stomach and Bowels, and thereby all Consumptive diseases, the *Sarsaparilla, Tomato,* and *Wild Cherry Bitters* are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared by Dr. D. F. Bradlee, 150 Washington St, Boston.

*** Price—only 50 cents per Bottle.

Sold by J. S. HOUGHTON, at the *Magasin de Sante,* (Magazine of Health) 120 Washington Street, Boston—General Agent for New England. Also, as above, all the Popular Medicines in general use, pure and genuine, at the lowest possible prices—Medical Books, Perfumery, Cosmetics, and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

Also for Sale by the following Agents—Paris, J. K. HAMMOND; Norway, Hall & Dow; Bethel, Grover & Burbank; Turner, John Blake; Dixfield, Charles T. Chase; Poland, Wm. Cousins; Harrison, H. Blake; Rumford, J. H. Woodwell; Portland, Edward Mason.—Feb 27, 1846 1y 42

Dr. Wood's

SARSAPARILLA AND WILD CHERRY

BITTERS,

For the permanent removal of all such diseases as take their rise in an Impure Blood, Impaired Digestion, Morbid state of the Liver and Stomach, Weakness of the Nervous System, and a disordered Habit of the Constitution generally

DR. WOOD'S Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, have already, by their substantial merit, won a degree of public favor and patronage, which puts them beyond the need of recommendation. Being faithfully prepared of the most excellent materials, they can be fully confided in by all in need of a tonic, aperient or alterative remedy. Sarsaparilla takes a high rank among Physicians and all others in the list of curative agents, and it is this fact which has rendered it so deservedly popular over all other medicines of the day. In Dr. Wood's standard preparation, it is warranted to be found in great purity and strength, and gaining much by its union with the Wild Cherry, a tonic of the first order. This happy combination is the only one ever made of these articles, and founded as it is on the best medical principles, and their various extracted by a rigid chemical analysis, experience has shown its unusual power and efficacy.

This preparation will be found an ready, to be a sure and speedy remedy for the diseases enumerated above. They purify the blood, create regular digestion, promote a healthy action of the Liver and Stomach, and strengthen the nerves, at once securing health and vigor to the whole system. In all cases of *despondency,* arising from Indigestion or Nervous irritation, they have been used with remarkable success; nor are they less useful as a remedy for Headache, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and a *general prostration of the system.* At the same time, it must be stated, that they are neither violent nor at all dangerous in their operation, even if given as they are, the desired end, by a steady, regular and easy influence. Taken daily, as directed per bottle, they will be found to operate in that gentle and salutary manner, which is, in fact, their highest recommendation.

The following certificates, among many others which have been received from the most respectable sources, furnish satisfactory proof of the value and efficacy of this highly popular medicine.

Sandwich, Sept. 4, 1844

MR. E. THORNTON, JR.

DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that my daughter has been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, attended with almost constant headaches and other distressing symptoms which accompany this disease. She visited Boston to avail herself of the just celebrated physicians of that city, all to no purpose.—By the unsolicitation of a friend, I was induced to purchase a bottle of Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters. Before taking one half of what had been received, it has answered beyond the expectations of the patient or even herself. The result which is so pleasant, and the unanimous testimony of its praise, should secure, and have secured for it, a character which it well deserves. The proprietor is under no obligations to any medicine, would not be surprised if he should. The wonderful cures it has performed, and the knowledge of its quality of its principal constituents, should at once recommend it to the public favor

R. F. Be particular and look for Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, as I receive no other.

E. THORNTON, Jr., sole Proprietor,

New Bedford, Mass.

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent, PARIS A. Hall, South Paris Hall & Dow, Norway.

EDWARD MASON, Portland, and sold by Agents through out the New England States.

Jan 12, 1847. 1y[illegible]

Asiatic Liniment.

THIS LINIMENT is decidedly the VERY best preparation ever given the people of [illegible] Sufferers [illegible] Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Chilblains, Frosted Limbs, &c. [illegible] Indispensable to us in the family. [illegible] Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, &c. [illegible] Wounds, Galls, Scratches, Foot Rot, Poll Evil, Scratches, Foot Rot, Poll Evil, Scratches, Foot Rot, Poll Evil